



MISCELLANEOUS

P O E M S.



[Price One Shilling Sewed.]



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[Price One Shilling bound.]

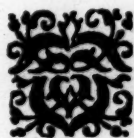
MISCELLANEOUS
P O E M S.

BY

ELIZABETH ROLT,

OF

CHESHAM in BUCKS.



L O N D O N :

Printed for the AUTHOR, and sold by H. TURPIN,
Bookseller and Stationer, at the Golden Key,
in St. John's Street, West-Smithfield, and
J. CATLING, Bookseller, at Chesham, Bucks.

MDCCLXVIII.

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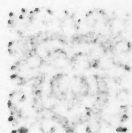
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chief enough they have not only diverted



THE

P R E F A C E.

IT is not my present design to trouble the reader with a long and tedious porch to so small a building, but, as it is necessary there should be an entrance, I shall make this little door that follows; which, if my readers are not very far, they may creep in at without being much thronged.

These Poems was at first wrote with a design of diverting, or keeping myself out of further mischief, which is to the same purpose

purpose (tho' some may think this is mischief enough) they have not only diverted me in composing, but have afforded some mirth in the little circle of my acquaintance, at whose request I now humbly present them to public inspection. I am very sensible that in so doing I leave myself to the censure of the meanest capacity, as well as the most refined genius; but hoping that the one will use candour, the other mercy, and look upon this little performance in its true light, as the production of pure nature, without the aid of skill or education; and what faults there may be in the poetry, I hope the innocence of the subjects may compensate for.—I say, inspired with these hopes, I venture to presume, my generous readers will pardon the faults that they find intermixed in this my first humble publication.

In presenting this little collection of thoughts to the public I can truly say, that there is nothing in them that was designed to affront any; and should my visions (which I must own I wrote when broad awake) I should be sorry, but have this for my apology, that every thing of
that

P R E F A C E. vii

that sort, is to me as involuntary as a dream.

To conclude, I heartily wish my readers may receive the same pleasure in reading my little miscellaneous pieces as I have had in writing them, and that they will consider me (tho' unknown) their Friend and Servant,

T H E

ELIZ. ROLT.

C O N T E N T S

CHESHAM, May 30,
1767.

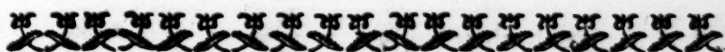
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Miscellaneous Poems.



On an ASTRONOMER.

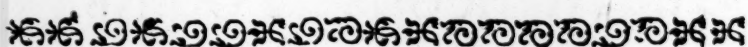


HE son of art, whose curious eye
surveys,
Ethereal beauty spangled sky displays ;
He views bright Sol, in robes of
glory drest,
With gay refulgence rich, immensely blest ;
Sees him triumphant in his golden car,
With the dark spots that form the seeming scar ;
When meteors hang in dense confining air,
Can their true place and solemn form declare ;
How comets in their rapid motions fly,
And sweep with fiery hair the trembling sky ;

B

He

He Cynthia's silver path can trace,
 Whose beamy locks adorn her lovely face ;
 Beholds her shine with gay, tho' borrow'd light,
 Adorn'd with silence reigns the queen of night.
 Happy the man who makes this art his care,
 Of skill and pleasure hath an equal share ;
 He soars aloft on arts celestial wings,
 And oft the pure the starry science sings.

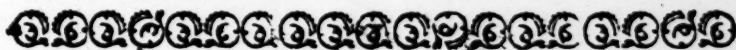


On a NATURAL PHILOSOPHER.

THE great philosopher whose earnest look,
 Confines his poring eyes to nature's book ;
 With wond'rous art from what he there surveys,
 For each effect a diff'rent cause displays.
 Why sounds the awful thunder from afar,
 Or darts the light'ning in its gilded car ?
 In all her mazes nature's face he'll view,
 Elate with pleasure all her steps pursue :
 And how the radiant wat'ry bow is form'd,
 And diff'rent colours its fair arch adorn'd.
 He through the æreal mansions swift will fly,
 And view the nature of the ambient sky ;
 How electric fire takes its rapid way,
 On sulphurous matter feeds without delay,
 'Till spent, then round in harmless order play ;
 What hardens hail and forms the spurlike snow,
 From different causes these effects must flow ;
 How ductile matter can extended be,
 Or soon contracted to solidity ;

How

How bodies some reflect the rays of light,
 Others absorb them, and love eternal night;
 What gives the peacock's speckled feathers paint,
 Or grants the rose its aromantick scent;
 Why struts the silver swan with downy breast,
 While the fierce tyger is in ermin drest.
 Then explains with rapture and delight,
 How colour's formed by the rays of light,
 'Tis bounteous nature's cause he strongly pleads,
 Who gives to sev'ral species different aids,
 While beasts have strength their safety to defend,
 The feather'd tribe their pinions can extend,
 And man endow'd with reason to contend.
 How active apes verge on fair reason's plan,
 Invade the grand prerogative of man.
 He sings how ideas with rapidity,
 Attract the notice of the Ephemera fly;
 While longer lives a longer time require,
 To have the same perhaps no more intire;
 His noble art thro' nature's secret leads,
 For each effect a different reason pleads.
 This skilful science demands our highest praise,
 A worthy theme for more refined lays.



*On a LINNET drawing up its Water, sent to
 a LADY.*

I.

Inchanting songster, warbling love,
 How soft thy notes can flow;
 How fast thy little throat doth move,
 And nature's power show.

B 2

II. But

II.

But still 'tis mighty hard I think,
And shews severity,
To make you labour for your drink,
Or thou must whistle dry.

III.

Your master's very fond of work,
Nor likes you shou'd go free ;
He thinks you can't enjoy yourself,
Except you slave as he.

IV.

Your mistress too with speedy care,
Who lives not idly,
A box and bucket doth prepare,
To prove your talents by.

V.

And must you bend that downy neck,
To poise the mighty weight,
And be obsequious to their beck,
O Toby, hard's thy fate.

VI.

Let none complain of Adam's sin,
Since thou so bad must fare,
And get thy food as hard as him,
Yet can't his error share.

*The VISIT to SYLVIA, or the breaking of the
FAVOURITE NEEDLE.*

WHEN Sol refreshes Albion's fields,
 Prolific nature pleasure yields ;
 Soft Zephyrs sport o'er verdent meads,
 Whose beauty pencil's skill exceeds.
 Gay Flora, that sweet summer's queen,
 Ranges o'er the fertile green ;
 Each flower grand its beauty shows,
 With innocence and splendor grows ;
 The crocus in its gilded vest,
 The blushing rose in sweetness drest ;
 The violet in its purple robe,
 The speckled daisy decks the globe ;
 The pleasing cowslip's head reclin'd,
 True emblem of an humble mind ;
 Their swift effluvia darting round,
 Perfume the rich enamell'd ground.
 These charming scenes my thoughts invite,
 To walk and taste the choice delight ;
 But then I would a visit pay,
 To Sylvia fair, a maiden gay ;
 Her rural cottage stands serene,
 Her friendly window shews this scene ;
 Around the same in fruitful sprays,
 The feather'd choir exalt their lays,
 Chaunt forth their tales, and thus make known
 Their love, in language of their own ;
 Each to his partner joyful sings,
 And rapture quivers in his wings.
 Small distance shews in spring array,
 The garden where the muses play ;

There

There stands their temple gaily drest,
 With twining boughs in gentle rest;
 The honeysuckle's scents display,
 Whose lovely sweets drive care away;
 Whatever doth to joy incline,
 Doth in this temple close combine;
 And interwove by nature's art,
 Do strongly plead to bear their part;
 'Tis here the lovely linnets sing,
 The goldfinch claps his gilded wings;
 Bright Phœbus darts his chearing ray,
 And kindly warms the smiling day;
 These joys with pleasure strict unite,
 To yield the Sacred Nine delight;
 Within are seats in order plac'd,
 Which sons of art have often grac'd;
 Here lowly bards may entrance find,
 And here may come the noble mind;
 Here I have caught the vernal breeze,
 When nature's grandeur cloath'd the trees;
 Here have I been some happy times,
 A musing of my lawless Rhimes;
 Not far from fain'd Parnassus' hill,
 Or green Mount Pleasant which you will;
 At whose foot a chrystal river glides,
 And glitt'ring waves its silver tides;
 Whose tuneful murmurs calmly roll,
 Enough to charm a hermit's soul;
 Two milk-white swans with heart elate,
 Glide o'er its surface deck'd in state;
 And lofty raise their snowy heads,
 Enjoy their ease on liquid beds;
 As charming as those spotless doves,
 That harmless draws the queen of loves;

The

The finny nations scaly tribe,
 Within its bosom safe reside ;
 And sport in wanton circles play,
 Enjoys as man the rising day ;
 Not quite so near in stately room,
 Unfolds to view a spacious dome.
 The lady of this mansion is,
 The Widow's friend, and Orphan's bliss ;
 Benevolence adorns her breast,
 Her charity is daily blest ;
 The poor do often her adore,
 Return rejoiced from her door ;
 Such are the prospects such the views,
 My Sylvia's faithful casement shews ;
 The inner walls of her small cot,
 Not hung with tap'stry proudly wrought ;
 The sides, tho' small, adorned are,
 With pictures of the tim'rous hare ;
 Or some such solitary scene,
 With streaks of wall that peep between ;
 This lowly place, tho' void of art,
 Outvies in bliss a stateman's heart ;
 And this the place I thought to see,
 Before the brass machine I pake three ;
 When dinner o'er and I was drest,
 In Sunday's cloaths all of my best ;
 Then thus my busy thoughts dictate,
 Do you my kind persuasion take ;
 Shun idleness that bane of joy,
 And take with you some light employ ;
 I took the destin'd fav'rite steel,
 The pressure of my hand to feel ;
 And linen white as driven snow,
 To work upon away I go ;

Then

Then came to Sylvia's happy door,
 She said I wish'd you here before ;
 Down in her little dome I sate,
 We spent the time in pleasant chat ;
 It were too soon to seek bohea,
 Or trifle with our sober tea ;
 No martial themes confus'd my head,
 Dream'd not of kings or heroes dead,
 Of vanquish'd troops or armies fled ;
 Nor courts where reigns triumphant praise,
 Who lost or won the victor's bays,
 Nor loves more soft enchanting lays ;
 Nor treach'rous lovers faithless sigh,
 Disturb'd or rais'd my fancy high ;
 And malice, which my soul detests,
 Far banish'd from our peaceful breasts ;
 And in this bower we can find,
 Pure source of joy, the social mind ;
 For who forbids our thoughts to fly,
 To realms beyond the ambient sky ;
 Or from the works of nature prove,
 The Great Eternal's boundless love :
 Discourse like this our tongues employ'd,
 Each others company enjoy'd ;
 While birds in salutations join,
 Their voices to my friends and mine ;
 Enraptur'd in my thoughts I flew,
 In fancy took a transient view ;
 To ærial realms I fondly rove,
 Too careless of my work I prove ;
 My little needle roughly I,
 Snatch'd from its place and bent awry ;
 And thus the polish'd toy I broke,
 And as it fell methought it spoke,

Behold

Behold an emblem of the fate
 Of giddy mortals fickle state ;
 Not long ago you much admir'd,
 My bril'lant form, and much desir'd
 To place me in your fav'rite row,
 And did to me much honour show ;
 That I the head of all did stand,
 Plac'd in bright scarlet by your hand ;
 My structure bright your dazled eyes,
 Have oft survey'd me with surprize ;
 As strait as any lofty pine,
 And like a warrior's spear did shine :
 Nay, han't I heard you often say,
 How readily I did obey,
 And swiftly flew at your command,
 When guided by your steady hand,
 I safe convey'd the trembling thread,
 Thro' the small passage I had made ;
 Did I not grant my aid to grace
 Your fav'rite Chloe's charming face ?
 And form'd the nuptial dress so fair,
 Adorn'd her graceful sable hair ;
 I past thro' silk and silver too,
 When I in favour dwelt with you ;
 And might perhaps been happy still,
 Were it not for th' envious quill ;
 But since you've took the rhyming trade,
 You seem of me almost afraid ;
 You care not often me to touch,
 Your love of scribbling hath been such,
 That I who were so true a friend,
 Before your pen could pleasure lend,
 Am slighted, I suppose you were
 Musing some jargon to prepare,

C

Which

Which you by name of metre call,
 Thus in a study deep you fall;
 Forgot my glitt'ring sides was form'd,
 Of brittle steel tho' well adorn'd;
 'Too hasty took me from my place,
 Alas I broke! O dire disgrace!
 And tho' the fault must be your own,
 Displeas'd you hasty cast me down;
 Commit me to the lowest dust,
 And can no more my friendship trust;
 But, banish'd far, far from your eye,
 I must despis'd neglected lie,
 At the small mercy of the broom,
 When cleanly Sylvia sweeps the room;
 Then must I by her hand be hurl'd,
 To confines in the dusty world;
 O rather place me up secure,
 That I a lesson may procure,
 For all that deign to cast an eye,
 Or all that dare to venture nigh;
 I will to them instruction teach,
 Tho' dead I can most lively preach:
 My mournful sighs too strongly prove
 Inconstant mortals wav'ring love,
 Or friendship weak as cobweb wove.
 When friends no longer can you serve
 You think that they no thanks deserve;
 But they, like me, are much despis'd,
 Forgot by your disdainful eyes:
 Just so my mistress loved me,
 When I to her of use could be;
 I was admir'd, but when I fail'd,
 No more her friendship were intail'd.

The FATE and QUALIFICATIONS of a POET.

ADVICE TO MERTILIO.

DEAR miss, wou'd you a poetess be,
 Then stay and hear their fate from me ;
 Their acquirements are but small and few,
 But then they differ much from you ;
 Defect of wit, or want of sense,
 You much supply with impudence ;
 And when you write, write not for fame,
 For if you do, you'll miss your aim :
 To censure whom you please you may,
 They'll count you mad whate'er you say ;
 Care not for learning, think it well,
 If you can all your fingers tell,
 By numb'ring o'er and o'er again,
 Can know your thumbs and all make ten :
 You must have patience to indure,
 For rhymes the head-ach ne'er will cure ;
 But poverty and aching brains,
 Attend upon the rhiming trains ;
 Contented be with one good shoe,
 Nor hope to trudge about in two ;
 If cloaths enough you can but gain,
 To keep you from the freezing pain,
 Then you as many sure have got,
 As cometh to a poet's lot ;
 With tatter'd apron, ragged gown,
 Whose fringes sweep the level ground ;

For fuel you need not inquire,
 Cook your diet by the muses fire;
 Your table let old Homer grace,
 Your sideboard spread with Hudibras;
 Drink of the cool and murm'ring spring,
 And for your desert verses sing;
 You need not have a silken purse,
 For poet's fay that wealth's a curse;
 And as for money 'tis a snare,
 'Tis cause so little is their share;
 But I suppose you'll not believe,
 And think these lines are to deceive;
 Then try, and when for bedlam fit,
 You'll know that I have truly writ,
 And when you die hope not to have
 Great funeral or pompous grave;
 No waken tapers silent ray,
 Shall yield its flame to light the way;
 Some friend, because thou had'st no hearse,
 May write upon thy tomb this verse.

Spectators all, I'd have you know it,
 Here lies the late despised poet,
 Because, for what she had to say,
 The world would give no better pay,
 Her soul took huff and flew away.

The PHILOSOPHER'S STONE found.

A VISION.

WHEN brill'ant Sol, to rest his weary head,
 Sought soft repose upon his liquid bed ;
 See to the west his fiery coursers steer
 With rapid haste, nor faint in their career ;
 With glitt'ring stars the sky was spangled o'er,
 In silent homage their first cause adore ;
 Now came still ev'ning on the queen of night,
 Shot her pale rays, and gave a silver light ;
 Chac'd with her beams the hurry of the day,
 And brought fair calm to bear her milder sway ;
 No themes of love disturb'd my peaceful rest,
 Nor baneful malice stain'd my rural breast ;
 Alike from wealth or penury set free,
 My eyes with gentle slumber did agree ;
 The busy objects I before had view'd,
 Officious fancy to the mind renew'd ;
 Presents the image of past forms I'd seen,
 Of vanish'd thoughts or places were I'd been ;
 Of scenes or projects that once fill'd my mind,
 That pleas'd my humour, or that prov'd unkind ;
 Amidst the motley croud the throng of these,
 Calmly I stood, and took review at ease ;
 How once devoted to the Aonian maids,
 I sought their favour as their lesson pleads ;
 Or when engag'd to the old-fashion'd art,
 Did chear my mind and elevate my heart ;
 Till time chang'd face, and novelty was done,
 I found this not the philosophic stone :

These

These scenes, with many more that I had past,
 Were all review'd with visionary haste ;
 'Till Morpheous did a solemn off'ring crave,
 I then obey'd, and close attendance gave ;
 But still I rov'd on sweet reflection's wing,
 And fain wou'd find that stone from whence does
 spring
 That healing power, that sympathetick love,
 That would at once our grief and care remove ;
 Sagacious Authors say whene'er 'tis found,
 'Tis not a simple, but a choice compound ;
 This fond conclusion quickly made my heart,
 'Tis friendship sure must be component part ;
 This first ingredient then with care I'd find,
 And busy thought persuades my anxious mind,
 That this once found will bid my hopes aspire
 To seek the rest, and may them all acquire :
 Amidst the chequer'd world I took my flight
 To seek a friend, this did my thoughts delight ;
 First then 'tis just 'mongst my own sex to seek
 The goddess friendship, but I found them weak ;
 My errand was of high and great import,
 And near I flew to grand St. James's court ;
 The ladies were detracting o'er their tea,
 And blaming each bright fair they did not see ;
 They were all friendship to each others face,
 But separate, each others name disgrace :
 Says Lady Fly, Miss Bee is wond'rous good,
 And there's no harm if it was understood
 How she behaves, indeed I could say more
 Of some intrigues you never heard before,
 But dear I would not for the world expose
 Her character, nor yet her faults disclose :

Thus

Thus Celia sily pierces by her air,
 The tender name of ev'ry absent fair ;
 Young Chloe's got this lesson so by wrote,
 She'll with a feather cut a lady's throat :
 Madam, said I, with a submissive tone,
 What makes you thus degrade each absent one ?
 You should, I think, where'er you faults perceive,
 Speak to their face, and your good council give ;
 Or view your own, 'tis but a human breast,
 See if no lurking foible there does rest ;
 Turn your thoughts inward, probe the deepest sore,
 That it when heal'd may ulcerate no more.
 Methought a general laugh went freely round,
 And made the spacious cieling to rebound ;
 Then Celia blush'd, and made this sharp reply,
 Dear heart, poor creature, dost thou think that I
 Am bound to mean each sentence that I say,
 This soon would spoil the pleasure of our tea ;
 You're ungenteel, know nothing that's polite,
 You're too low bred to taste this sweet delight ;
 How would your awkward downright truth appear,
 Were we to use it, and to court draw near ;
 Ladies, said I, I'll bid you all adieu,
 I find true friendship don't abide with you.
 My thoughts led on as fancy gave the dream,
 In vision still my soul pursu'd the theme ;
 Methought there were presented to my view,
 A room of fops that made a glitt'ring shew ;
 So pinion'd round with sparkling lace was each,
 As shew'd he could no greater wisdom reach,
 Than just to know where the French taylor dwelt,
 How much his cloaths cost, with what mercer dealt.
 In short, each painted face did plainly shew,
 Sinonimous terms—either fool or beau ;

I faintly

I faintly view'd, almost despair'd to ask,
 If they knew friendship, or her mighty task ;
 At last I did, tho' I did then suppose
 It was impossible she staid with beaux ;
 One talk'd of ribbons, or of Spanish white,
 Or the last opera did his soul delight ;
 Others of powder'd hair, or rich brocade,
 And that they wore the best French silk that's made.
 I from this empty rabble stept away
 As fast as thought, and would no longer stay ;
 For friendship was not there, and I could find,
 That neither sex her partial stay could bind ;
 But still solicitous to know her road,
 And find the heart that was her strong abode,
 I left the court, and took my peaceful round,
 Where fertile meadows was by Flora crown'd ;
 Where lives the rural peasant free from noise,
 From city tumults, and from courtly toys ;
 Thought I this humble man can surely tell,
 Where the fair goddess that I seek doth dwell ;
 I ask'd, he churlish made this course reply,
 I know friendship, said the rustick, no—not I ;
 There's none alive will be a friend to me,
 I must care for myself I plainly see :
 Then from his rural cottage hasted I,
 These very words I have no friend imply,
 This Nabal quite indisposed to be
 A friend to others in the least degree :
 Tho' thrice repuls'd, and found my fond mistake,
 Still to pursue my anxious thoughts dictate :
 Methought where limpid rivers joyful glide,
 And walks of pebbles grace each flowing side,
 A sudden noise surpriz'd my list'ning ear,
 And struck my spirits with a tim'rous fear,

When

When on the wid'ned road I quickly saw
 A stately coach six milk-white steeds did draw;
 They foam'd and paw'd upon the beaten ground,
 As proud to hear their rapid steps rebound:
 Within the coach there sat with heart elate,
 One deck'd with all the vanity of state;
 Here then I gaz'd, almost the answer fix,
 Fair friendship sure dwells in a coach and six;
 But when for her I humbly did inquire,
 Thus haughty answer'd the ambitious Squire:
 Pshaw! pshaw! what's friendship, she's of no im-
 port,

I'd sell my friend to get a place at court;
 I love my friend as well as any can,
 I mean as well as any wealthy man;
 I love my friend sincerely—if not poor,
 But change the scene, and I am his no more.
 It is improbable that I should know
 The man that us'd in gay attire to go;
 When stript of his rich garments and estate,
 And not one penny to relieve his fate;
 Alas! no more his social virtues shine,
 He's friend to poverty no longer mine;
 His features alter'd, soars no more with fame,
 I soon forget his visage and his name:
 Ride on, poor insignificant, said I,
 Endure you can't, enjoy your vanity:
 My soul's too proud, she would condemn the
 change,

Might I, like you, in golden fetters range:
 If unkind fortune would relentless bind
 To your estate, the vices of your mind.
 With indignation's brow he turn'd away,
 And, Phaeton like, his fiery steeds obey.

D

While

While on the river's brink I pensive sat,
 Methought I spy'd a mean and lonely cot,
 Where an old thrifty miser long had dwelt,
 Whose breast had never pomp'ous grandeur felt:
 With speed I to his mansion did repair,
 Thought I sure lovely friendship dwelleth there;
 I may with him this charming beauty find,
 For proud ambition never fir'd his mind:
 I stept, I ran, and with redoubled pace,
 I quickly reach'd this solitary place;
 I stoop'd to enter at the shatter'd gate,
 Lest cobwebs should, like wrestlers, break my
 pate:

Within there sat a mercenary creature,
 With beetle brows, and a saturnine feature;
 He seem'd quite frighted when I enter'd there,
 And rais'd his elbow from the wooden chair;
 A bag of gold did on the table stand;
 On which he eager plac'd his shrivel'd hand;
 With envious look he then did me survey,
 Lest I was come to take his God away;
 His grey and grisly beard sav'd charge of broom,
 For with it he could sometimes sweep his room;
 No signs of trimming since our first father's day,
 'Cause it would cost a penny—a deal you'll say.
 I ask'd him if he knew fair friendship's name,
 Or ever heard of that bright damsel's fame;
 Not I, said he, if I can keep myself
 It is enough, and stared at his pelf:
 'Thought I, O whither have my steps convey'd
 My willing feet, much better I had staid
 And rested where I was, than thus to proll—
 This idiot is unworthy of a soul.

Methought

Methought I then was waded to a road,
 Where crowds of people seem'd to take abode ;
 When fancy said this is the place to ask,
 'Tis is the time for to pursue the task ;
 The first I met was with a peruke grac'd,
 Whose bows of hair reach'd all his length of
 waste ;

His fine toupee with wond'rous art was wrought,
 And mounted high as any madman's thought ;
 He told me he was a learn'd physican,
 And understood each sort of medicine ;
 He stately mov'd, and step'd without a halt,
 That even Momus could not find a fault ;
 He had read learned Hoffman o'er and o'er,
 And Galen's noble works he could explore ;
 And great Hippocrates de did believe,
 And more than this he said he'd got his sleeve :
 Doctor then said I, fair arts professor,
 Are you not kind friendship's good possessor ;
 Yes, yes, said he, with scientifick air,
 I am devoted to that noble fair ;
 For this I study, this my art obtain,
 To serve the publick, not for private gain ;
 I'm going now to visit one that's sick,
 And deeply seiz'd with hypochondriack ;
 My chariot's waiting, and I must away,
 To heal the sick is a sufficient pay ;
 Then quickly mounted in his painted car,
 Like some great hero hasting to the war ;
 Thought I to know if what you've said is true,
 Indeed, great Sir, I'll humbly follow you :
 His coursers swiftly reach'd the destin'd place,
 And he dismounted with a lofty grace ;

How does your master—then with solemn airs,
 He was conducted up the spacious stairs ;
 I crept behind, and list'ned at the door,
 Where I heard all he said, and something more :
 Few words that past I need not here declare,
 His patient's chimeras discoursed were ;
 Sir, says the doctor, I'm your faithful friend,
 To your apothecary quickly send ;
 Take my prescription—instantly I'll write
 For what shall ease you, if not cure you quite.

— of young spiders five, and snails that are fat, }
 But if in your shop you shou'd not have that, }
 Take some other thing—'tis no matter what : }
 S. A. this costly mixture must be made,
 And to your satisfaction be you paid ;
 This dose at H. M. to be taken—
 Have 'special care that you're not mistaken.

His patient then with hope of health inspir'd
 Ask'd the good Doctor what his heart desir'd ;
 He mildly answer'd, very modestly,
 Ten guineas, Sir, it is no mighty fee :
 He took his leave—came to the door again,
 Then I began most boldly to complain ;
 Said I, kind Sir, I thought you nobly meant,
 That you your skilful council always lent :
 If it be so, what was the money for ?
 Your willing hand chearful receiv'd the Ore.
 Believe me then, said he, I have no end,
 But for to prove the publick's faithful friend ;
 Indeed that sum of gold in such bad weather,
 Will scarce pay my coachman's driving hither.
 Friend-

Friendship, then added I, with some disdain,
 Doth no such little sordid rules maintain ;
 For what she does is purely charity,
 She is too liberal to take a fee ;
 Your narrow soul is made of earthly mould,
 Bought for a fee, will for a fee be sold :
 I said no more, back to the thronged road
 I quickly stept to seek a friend's abode ;
 And soon I met a mighty bustling blade,
 Whose extravagant gown did earth invade ;
 In sable robes of dismal hue that wear
 Nocturnal face, sagacious aspect bare ;
 His neck in pontifical band was drest,
 His cloaths the sacerdotal rule confess. —
 Thus spake my heart, surely this great divine,
 Must know where friendship's beaming glories
 shine :

Pardon, most rev'rend father, then said I,
 The unregen'rate soul that's drawing nigh ;
 Please, spiritual Sire, to condescend,
 And be to yonder little flock a friend ;
 Since you are a pastor, you must sure be good,
 Then be their shepherd, grant poor souls their
 food ;

He answer'd with a very surly phiz,
 Pray tell me if the people wealthy is ;
 It is a plenteous benefit I'd have,
 Where I some thousand pounds might yearly save ;
 But yet let rosy Bacchus cheer my soul,
 With clear Canary, and a flowing bowl :
 It is a wealthy living that I want,
 'Tis not the cure of souls where money's scant ;
 For I administer spiritual things,
 From whence their truest summum bonum springs ;
 Then

Then sure to me they all must jointly owe,
 Their carnal goods they freely should bestow ;
 Gold cheers my wit, and makes my learning rise,
 Infuses lofty themes, and mounts me to the skies ;
 'Tis then I know how spirits do exist,
 For there's in gold a miracle confess'd.
 Doctor, said I, your mind is like the rest,
 And friendship is a stranger to your breast.
 What can our country say in her defence,
 To cloath, what she accounts pure innocence,
 The parson's sanctity in that same hue,
 As painters do infernal dæmons shew.—
 I left him then, and took another way,
 And 'fore I from his presence long did stray,
 I met a man with seals surrounded,
 Whose Gray's-inn cloaths with ink abounded ;
 With loads of parchment, pens, and best Dutch
 quills,
 With leases, writs, conveyances and wills ,
 I ask'd him, as many more I'd done,
 If he was friendship's well beloved son ;
 His answer to't greatly did me surprise,
 And bid reflection in my heart to rise ;
 I thought the Doctor's but a sly discourse,
 But found the crafty lawyer's ten times worse :
 The good physician takes of wealth but part,
 When the sly lawyer, with his civil heart,
 Who pleads for love and friendship at Guildhall,
 Takes not only fee, but takes estate withal :
 For charity begins at home he says,
 He could not live but by such prudent ways :
 Step on, said I, your inky scribbling tribe,
 Was ne'er to faithful friendship yet ally'd.

The

The next I met was a poor abject poet,
 Whole hungry features very plainly shew'd it;
 Long he talk'd of metre, feet, and spondees,
 And men in amber ships on milken seas,
 And made the vulgar think the moon was cheese: }
 He had read Dryden, Milton, Pope, and Young,
 And Homer's tuneful name dwelt on his tongue;
 Besides he'd ponder'd amorous Ovid too,
 And with old Pindar had made a great to do;
 With ballads he was loaded very hard,
 And yet his cloaths a beggar wou'd discard.
 I ask'd him if he knew where I might find
 Fair friendship's child, of sweet and social mind;
 Stranger, said he, indeed I cannot tell,
 Nor do I care, if that my rhymes will sell:—
 Then stay, said I, in your poetick slumbers,
 And trifle still with your dull idle numbers.
 I did not long with this old poet tarry,
 The next I met was an apothecary;
 He aim'd to get of the soft snail her blood,
 For that he said was excellent and good;
 He talk'd of spasms, coughs, rheums, and tooth-
 ach,
 And all the pills and doses he could make;
 He had a bolus prepar'd by wond'rous art,
 His pocket held the bone of a stag's heart;
 And if we credit what old authors say,
 Ten guineas then to one you'll dare to lay,
 He did within this gilded bolus roll,
 Some ancient doctor's efficacious soul.
 I ask'd him if he meanly sought to find
 Lucre for skill, or to befriend mankind;

The

The answer was uncouth he render'd me,
 Physicians will be paid you plainly fee,
 And if they will love gold, why should not we. }
 My ill success did so my spirits tire,
 To leave the motley crowd was my desire ;
 I took my way along a verdant mead,
 Which from this road did solitary lead
 To groves and woods, where warbling songsters
 dwell,
 And Echo, lovely nymph, resounds their tale ;
 I walk'd and mus'd, until methought I came,
 Where art taught nature her fair works to frame ;
 This side a wood rais'd his lofty head,
 And Ceres at his foot her bounty spread ;
 The other side a grove with divers trees,
 Which bow their heads, and nod at ev'ry breeze ;
 A silver river grac'd this chearful plain,
 And roll'd its limpid waves like a heaving main ;
 Its edge a speckled margin did surround,
 Which Flora had with all her beauty crown'd ;
 The enamel'd banks, a bulwark to each side,
 With gentle rise exult in nature's pride :
 I sat me down to make reflection gain,
 The fond review of all my search and pain ;
 Then on the flow'ry bank my head reclin'd,
 And I to gentle musing was resign'd ;
 Methought I heard, as eagles take their flight,
 And swiftly soar to great degrees of light ;
 Then daring to raise up my downcast eyes,
 Was struck with wonder, and with aw'd surprize ;
 A glorious Being met my raptur'd view,
 And struck my senses with a prospect new ;
 And from his face such rays of grandeur broke,
 That more than human dignity bespoke ;

His

His silver hair did on his shoulders wave,
 For beauty curl'd it, she its ringlets gave ;
 His cloaths with starry vapours spangled o'er,
 Embroider'd with ethereal beauty wore ;
 Around his head a harmless meteor play'd,
 A noble crown its flaming circles made ;
 His mantle gay, like roses in fresh bloom,
 Seem'd as if wrought in a celestial loom ;
 The sparkling edges of each spacious fold,
 Were finest blue, and streak'd with heav'nly gold ;
 The fairest Æther his gay pinions form'd,
 Resplendent colours his rich robe adorn'd ;
 And while his feet trod on the joyful ground,
 All nature smil'd, and seem'd with pleasure crown'd ;
 Not half so bright or fair the blushing morn,
 Beauty and grandeur shone in all his form :
 Enraptur'd here with sudden deep surprize,
 I feasted long my fond attracted eyes ;
 The guide of eloquence I earnest sought,
 Immers'd in study deep and solemn thought ;
 To gild my speech, and my dull voice adorn,
 Right to address this bright angelick form ;
 When he with courteous air and gentle mien,
 With softness touch'd my hand, and smiles serene
 Sat triumphant on his radiant brow,
 His countenance did no moroseness know :
 He with a solemn voice, but not severe,
 Says, thou wanderer, whither would'st thou steer ?
 Alas ! said I, my projects are but vain,
 'Tis a true friend my anxious mind would gain ;
 Nor is this what my fancy seeks alone,
 I'm searching for the Philosopher's Stone,
 Cheer up thy soul, said he, nor let dull fear
 Usurp thy mind, I came thy heart to cheer ;

E

I am

I am one of those celestial forms,
 Whom sweet benevolence with grace adorns ;
 One of those beings who take great delight,
 In watching o'er men's safety day and night ;
 When trembling man a dreadful fear surrounds,
 And nought but silence dwells along the grounds ;
 Or gems of heaven gild night's sable throne,
 Grand orbs of light their great Creator own ;
 Or when begins to streak the purple dawn,
 Sure pledge of day that crown't the smiling morn ;
 Or when bright Sol posts in his chariot gay,
 And gilds the sky, proclaiming perfect day.
 I'm guardian to the children of the dust,
 In my protection they may safely trust ;
 I do preserve them from each dire event,
 Which, by their prudence, they cannot prevent ;
 And if my invitation you'll obey,
 I safely will your willing feet convey,
 Where you shall see and feast your joyful heart ;
 Not in friendship only, the component part,
 But see the stone compos'd with curious art. }
 He spake—and gently wav'd a milk-white wand,
 Then shew'd a stately temple near at hand,
 Dazling with splendor, magnificent and high, }
 Whose proud and blazon'd spires o'ertopt the sky ;
 And seem'd the glorious sun-beams to outvie. }
 The path to this bright dome he bid me view,
 A gentle rise o'erspread the blissful shew ;
 Rise then, said he, and bid thy thoughts obey,
 To yon blest mansion let us haste away ;
 'Tis wisdom's temple, fear not, you will find
 The Goddess fair, and of a noble mind :
 Swift then I flew on wings of strong desire,
 Quick as the wind his words did me inspire ;

We

We reach'd the sacred, the refulgent place,
 Where order dwells, and bliss unveils her face;
 Well polish'd marble, and bright burnish'd gold
 Encase the doors, and spangled dome intold;
 The spacious walls of brightest saphire made,
 Ten thousand chrystals in the pavement laid;
 The brill'ant roof with precious stones was deck'd,
 The fabrick's beauty spake no dull neglect;
 Into the palace stepp'd my faithful guide,
 I humbly ent'ring by his friendly side;
 There on a throne, in majesty array'd,
 Sat the bright goddess gracefully display'd;
 Her lovely aspect, and celestial mein,
 Bespake a grandeur mortals ne'er have seen;
 Her beauteous form mild as the rising sun,
 And more than human in her features shone;
 Indeed so great her dignity appear'd,
 Her pleasing presence all existence chear'd;
 And he whose stubborn heart will not revere,
 Must not this lovely beauty venture near;
 In her such majesty, such glories shine,
 As shew she's sprung from the eternal line.
 When mild Auroras silver car wheels round,
 Or Sol's proud coursers tread ethereal ground;
 Or when swift beams dart from his lucid throne,
 And nature doth his chearing power own,
 Not even then he shines by far so gay,
 As the least beauty that her looks display;
 Her eyes more piercing than the brandish'd sword,
 More soft than musick sounds her pleasing word;
 As swift ethereal fire darts from its place,
 So dart her eyes with light and solemn grace;
 As when a calm doth smooth the ruffled seas,
 And wrecking wind is chang'd for gentle breeze;

Mild Zephyrs on its liquid bosom sport,
 Wanton with pleasure our attention court ;
 When storm that grisly monarch's power fails,
 And joyful Cupids guide the flying sails,
 So flow'd in pleasing waves her silver hair,
 Sporting in ringlets gave a beauteous air ;
 Each curling silver circle seem'd to be,
 The seat of pleasure and felicity ;
 She on her head a royal diadem wore,
 Which treasures of celestial glory bore ;
 Purer than Ophir's gold its sides adorn'd,
 Whose rising beauties gilded arches form'd,
 And wreathes of pleasure round the circles shine,
 As clust'ring grapes cling to the fruitful vine ;
 So hung true bliss upon each winding train,
 And pure seraphic joy its sides contain ;
 Bright flames of light in harmless order play,
 Whose darting glory gives a brill'ant ray ;
 Whose gay refulgence sparkles round her head,
 And solemn grandeur down her temples spread ;
 Her snowy hands the richest bracelets grace,
 Twining around her wrist with fond embrace ;
 More bright than jasper shone each precious stone,
 And dress'd in gay refulgence of its own ;
 A beauteous mantle round her shoulders fold,
 Of purest Ether spangled o'er with gold ;
 Each edge with glitt'ring stars was trimm'd with art,
 And rich embroidery spread ev'ry part ;
 A generous fierceness dwelt in all her face,
 Each charming feature spake celestial grace :
 Thus she appear'd in heavenly splendor dress'd,
 And in her looks the goddess stood confess'd ;
 So stately was her presence when she mov'd,
 None could behold her but he fear'd and lov'd ;

Her

Her charming eyes were so sparkling bright,
 Where'er she look'd they spread diffusive light ;
 I look'd, I lov'd, I view'd without controul,
 Till joy extatic fill'd my raptur'd soul ;
 Around her throne her bright attendants stand
 Obsequious, to obey her high command,
 And watch the signal sceptre in her hand ;
 There stands fair innocence, that charming maid,
 With meekness grac'd in snowy white array'd ;
 Benevolence unvail'd her beauteous face,
 And gave her presence to adorn this place ;
 Here was faith, hope, and lovely charity,
 Fair goodness and divine benignity ;
 Here stood gay mercy with a smiling eye,
 And hospitality plac'd very nigh ;
 And next humanity with tender breast,
 Who thought it pleasure when she grief redress'd ;
 Here stood bright Astrea with her ballance grac'd,
 On the right hand of milder prudence plac'd ;
 Grand generosity, with open hand,
 Plac'd by serenest reason here did stand ;
 Great magnanimity with martial mein,
 Deck'd like a heroe or the warlike queen,
 She was among these graceful damsels seen ;
 Great fortitude with an heroick brow,
 Whose nervous arm could steady guide the bow ;
 Her nodding plumes around her temples flow'd,
 Her crimson cheeks with bravest valour glow'd ;
 Liberality, with her good sister truth,
 Stood here adorn'd with never fading youth ;
 Round each seraphick face, so bright so fair,
 In careless tresses hung their golden hair ;
 Which added to their beauteous features join,
 Proclaim the blissful maidens all divine ;

Plac'd

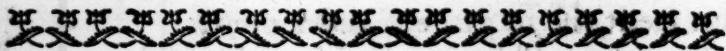
Plac'd in a circle stood these virgins here,
 Like lucid stars that deck our hemisphere ;
 And wisdom in the center kindly plac'd,
 Her sacred altar with rich beauty grac'd ;
 Fair mosaic work and porph'ry gay adorn,
 Its noble structure, and its fabrick form ;
 Four bright pedestals of unmixed gold,
 Sustain the altar with their strength uphold ;
 Devotion did each noble guest inspire,
 Each brought the gift as wisdom did require ;
 And speedy on the altar plac'd the same,
 Resounding praises to great wisdom's name :
 The gifts now plac'd the goddess quick did rise,
 Diffusing sparkles from her glorious eyes ;
 Then with her sceptre touch'd the altar's face,
 Her eyes gave fire to the beauteous mass ;
 I saw the fumes in lofty columns rise,
 And fill with vapours the delighted skies ;
 My thoughts did at this sacrifice attend,
 Until from this fair Chaos did ascend ;
 A clear pelucid globe so bright so fair,
 No alibaster could with it compare ;
 With great refulgent light like Sol it shone,
 Said they, this is the philosophic stone ;
 You've seen it made and what doth it compose,
 You've seen the choice compound you fondly chose ;
 Not only friendship kindly bears her part,
 But all refin'd by wisdom's skilful art ;
 There's ev'ry social virtue you can name,
 With each heroick one that's known to fame ;
 There ev'ry grace and ev'ry virtue join,
 And then fair wisdom, with her hand divine,
 She tempers all, and with sagacious art,
 Commanding each to bear their proper part ;

The

The gift you see each smiling virtue gave,
 Would be confusion if it did not have
 Grand wisdom's finger, that bright form to grace,
 And bid sweet harmony dwell on its face ;
 But see it rise in graceful order drest,
 Like the gay Phoenix rising from his nest.
 Said I, ye fair ones of celestial line,
 Might I obtain of you this gift divine,
 Which wou'd enable me to soar on high,
 Contemn the world, with all its vanity,
 To calmly live, or most serenely die. }
 Not so, reply'd the fairest in the train,
 You never can this noble prize obtain ;
 'Tis made for one, and we will it resign,
 Our faithful servant, and a friend of thine ;
 Nor is this wealth to supine mortals brought,
 It must with care and diligence be fought.
 But hark, I'm call'd, I'm roused from the dream,
 I've lost at once the vision and the theme ;
 See Phœbus hastening his diurnal race,
 With pleasing charms and an enticing grace ;
 Far he's advanced in the blooming east, }
 The hills and meadows with his presence blest,
 And in the Zodiack moves the lovely guest.
 See, see him, on our little world unfold,
 And spread his beamy locks of shining gold ;
 I must arise, the glooms of awful night,
 Are all dispers'd by fair Aurora's light.
 A work domestick now demands my care,
 My quill's thrown by, and I to it repair ;
 Nimble I'll guide the glitt'ring needle through
 The textile linen, white as driven snow.—
 Thus change of scenes my rural days present,
 And bid my fickle mind to be content.—

The

The breakfast's ready and I must away,
 To chear my spirits with the usual tea,
 And to the muses their libation pay. }

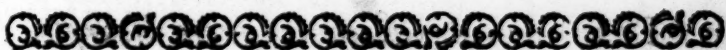


*To a LADY that plac'd her chief Happiness
 in Pleasures, beneath a rational Mind.*

HOW can you, dearest Chloe, thus mistake,
 For lasting pleasure but its shadow take ;
 I thought your greater mind had soar'd above,
 These busy trifles, or their fleeting love.
 The empty joys you've fondly now embrac'd,
 Will fly like morning dews by sun beams chas'd.
 O ! if my dearest friend, I may advise,
 Disdain these faithless bubbles——Virtue prize :
 Mark how the truly noble lady shines,
 Whom wisdom loves, and pleasure true defines ;
 She for her riches no ambition shows,
 Nor from her birth no ostentation knows ;
 Tho' great by lineage, yet far greater still,
 By virtue, wisdom, and by choice of will ;
 Tho' high descended by a noble birth,
 She places not her bliss in gilded earth ;
 With pure disdain I heard her once to say,
 Terrestrial joys are made of brittle clay ;
 Forbid, ye highest powers, that I should bind,
 Said she, these trifles to my greater mind ;
 For sure the soul is capable to shine
 With greater lustre ; soars to worlds divine.
 And what she spoke her life made understood,
 So pious, virtuous, wise, and truly good :

Her

Her presence fills detraction with a dread,
 And at her feet pale envy falleth dead.
 Then thou, my friend, whom smiling fortune's
 blest,
 Paint this bright pattern in thy youthful breast—
 To guide thy life, then surely thou wilt find,
 The greatest happiness is peace of mind,
 And more than earth is for the Soul design'd.



On SCANDAL or DETRACTION.

UNlike the shepherd's sweet pastoral song,
 Whose numbers to his fleecy care belong;
 Not so my lays a diff'rent theme invites,
 To speak what anger somewhat some delights.
 But can you ever scandal pleasure call,
 The strangest madness in our rolling ball.
 O horrid scandal! baneful to mankind,
 Abhorred by the good and virtuous mind;
 Contag'ous monster, in whose dreadful eyes,
 See all the rays of fierce destruction rise;
 Offspring of malice whose malignant head,
 Is crown'd with vipers, dismal terrors spread.
 Let blackest weeds of dull nocturnal hue,
 The pois'nous nightshade, or the fainting yew,
 Or all that's deadly, grow around thy throne,
 Thy hateful sway, O had it ne'er been known!
 And in thy realm let wolves for ever howl,
 Unknown to all but bats, or screeching owl.

F

To

To me a stranger may'st thou e'er remain,
 My soul kept free from thy detested chain.
 I'll hate to slab my neighbour's better name,
 To set myself on fickle wings of fame;
 Nor let me censure all I can't commend,
 Yet flatter none, but prove a constant friend.

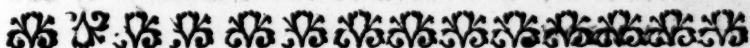


To a FRIEND on his Recovery from Sickness.

MY feeble muse wou'd now attempt to sing
 Her gratitude to heaven's eternal King,
 Who plac'd thee on bright health's extended wing
 May he continue you upon this stage,
 A lasting blessing to our tepid age.
 Blest'd be that joyful time in which 'twas said,
 Fair blooming health, that sweet celestial maid,
 Did visit thee, and gave her pleasing aid.
 If I survey what horrors overcast
 Those gloomy days we greatly fear'd thy last;
 Or once review the awful great surprise,
 That reign'd in each attendant's mournful eyes;
 How pearly tears bedew'd each tender cheek,
 While they thy life by proper means did seek;
 Whilst thou, great soul, did calmly seem resign'd,
 And yield thy will to that Eternal Mind
 Who heard petitions, the kind answer gives,
 To make us happy, great Barnabas lives;
 Lives! O joyful sound dwell on my tongue,
 Inspire with gratitude my humble song;
 For what can more our drooping spirits cheer,
 Than the soft voice of lovely Chanticlear.

O! thou

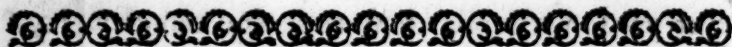
O! thou great God, whose mercy knows no end,
 Who spar'd the good instructor and the friend;
 O crown him with revolving years,
 Bless him in mercy, dissipate his fears;
 To the dear partner of his heart,
 All kind and gracious benefits impart;
 O bless them both, and ev'ry day inspire,
 Their linked hearts with Hymen's gentle fire;
 Their names a monument for ever stand,
 A virtuous pattern to the nuptial band.
 But pardon, friend, these rude and senseless lays
 Excites your pity, merits not your praise;
 Reflecting now on your superior skill,
 My fingers tremble, and I drop the quill.



To STREPHON, *with an* ACROSTIC.

MY friend, you see I have comply'd,
 To grant you what I ne'er deny'd;
 Hoping for pardon 'tis I shew,
 Or bring this scroll unto your view;
 Excuse, since 'tis by your command,
 These lines are offer'd to your hand;
 Let me persuade you've greater skill,
 Stir up your muse and take the quill;
 We'll copy yon Albion's youth,
 Thy pen must sure proclaim the truth;
 Give me no more th' acrostic task,
 No more expect my quill to ask,

Or gain thy merits from thy name,
 The task's too great, the muse is lame;
 She droops and faints beneath the load,
 Of such confinement as is show'd;
 In seeking praise from letter'd names,
 The more her weakness she proclaims;
 The more her imperfection shows,
 In striving to explain the Rose.



*A DIALOGUE between the DEAD and the
 LIVING, dedicated to the Memory of EN-
 DYMION.*

FRIEND.

WHAT pleasing form by Luna's silver glade,
 Craves my attendance to yon embower'd
 shade;

Methinks the blooming features all portend,
 The visage of my late lamented friend.
 Behold the face, it seeming smiles and says,
 The dear companion of my youthful days;
 Him whom dull fear can never more annoy,
 His friends true comfort, and his parents joy.
 O thou bright youth! if aught affects thee here,
 Pity our grief, forgive the falling tear;
 If my petition may acceptance find,
 Or reach thy ear, or once approach thy mind,
 Then

Then deign, thou fair, illustrious soul to show,
 If it be possible for us to know
 How joyful unembod' d spirits live ;
 My friend, my brother, some instruction give:
 Say thou, and teach my feeble pensive mind,
 To soar aloft, and leave the world behind.

ENDYMION.

Cease thou, my fond companion, and my friend,
 No more thy time in this vain manner spend ;
 No mortal words can comprehend my joy,
 Nor the vast pleasure that my thoughts employ ;
 No earth-born accents ever can express,
 The extensive measure of my happiness.
 Your mind is too contracted, and your speech
 Is much too streighten'd my grand bliss to reach ;
 But while on earth my own ambition taught
 To know the same, and fancy led on thought ;
 I sympathize, and grant your fond desire,
 As far as words, I'll feed the seeking fire.

Know then, I'm landed on that happy shore,
 Where fearful doubt shall cloud my mind no more ;
 Now freed from earth my ever seeking mind,
 Doth wisdom pure, and uncorrupted find.
 All bright and unconfin'd, thro' space I rove,
 Thro' fields of Æther, to th' Elysian grove.
 I know your much lov'd Treacher, and rejoice,
 And hear, if proper, his delightful voice.
 Nor yet my moments do I useleſs spend,
 Each act directed to its center bends,
 Most nobly pointing to its gracious end.

As

As many parts compose the mighty whole,
 So single actions, of each happy soul,
 Join to compleat, within the blest abode,
 The bliss of all the family of God.
 Then cease, my friend, no more my absence
 mourn,
 Earth's brightest joys invite not my return.

FRIEND.

And must thy philosophic soul depart,
 To fix a dagger in thy mother's heart?
 See, see, thy parent, with maternal care,
 Drops her kind soul dissolv'd into a tear.

ENDYMION.

Alas ! dear maid, and do'st thou think that I }
 Am born in bliss, a native of the sky, }
 To be affected with vain nature's tie ?
 Tho', while on earth, her fond endearing chains
 Clung round my heart, and all my grief sustain'd ;
 For nature wise, for use, doth plant them there,
 To relish joy, and ease life's mighty care.
 I saw you weep, and saw the chrystal tear,
 Drop from your eyes when I arrived here.
 I heard you mourn when in its coffin lay,
 My soul's forsaken tenement of clay ;
 The shackles which my lively thoughts confin'd,
 Forbid my fancy what she most design'd ;
 While you attended on the sable bier,
 Saw your moist brain distil into a tear ;
 While grief prolific fed the plenteous store,
 Infus'd new streams till eyes could bear no more.

You

You wept, you sigh'd, till sorrow spoke degree,
 You fondly wept, and thought that clay was me.
 Mistaken mortals, taught by earth to err,
 Mistakes her for the soul, the soul for her.
 I view'd you all, just as you used to say,
 We view'd poor pismires in their hills of clay.
 Your joys such trifles, and your grief's the same,
 Are neither of them worth that spacious name.
 As on his back his load the tortoise bears,
 Just so appears a king, or baron's heirs;
 Loaded with pompous titles, wealth, and state,
 And made quite wretched to be called great.
 As waring emmets for a crumble fight,
 I view your heroes, or a martial fight.
 Nor can a near relation claim my love,
 But by obedience to the great Jehove.
 Tho' but an infant in this blissful state,
 I've learn'd already, to be good is great.
 He that acts right, is my beloved friend,
 He that acts wrong, doth to his ruin bend.
 Strait is your language, your conceptions weak,
 Your soul would faint were I my joys to speak;
 Were I to shew in our celestial mode,
 The glory is too bright for earth's abode.

FRIEND.

Lead me, sweet youth, to that ætherial plain,
 Where social virtues all triumphant reign.

ENDY.

ENDYMION.

Cloud not with fierce disdain my radiant brow,
 So like a mortal you petition now ;
 Where is thy boasted resignation fled,
 Those patient lessons that once fill'd thy head ;
 Let reason rule, and calm thy ruffled mind,
 Without a trial all men are resign'd ;
 For you must know, these very words imply,
 Before I can conduct you, you must die ;
 The wish of life's great period is to be,
 Destroyer of that life, in small degree ;
 For, as a briny fountain, in full streams,
 Has more its quality, and falter seems ;
 Yet each small drop its mother's favour takes,
 In less degree her quality partakes ;
 So to be hasty to exchange our state,
 Is not at Patient's humble throne to wait ;
 Let the Almighty all the power have,
 Destroy, nor wish destroy'd that life he gave ;
 Know then, when the Supreme sees fit and right,
 You'll be convey'd to a throne less bright
 Than mine ; because your shallow and enfeebl'd
 mind,
 Is not so penetrating ; nor refin'd ;
 Yet true contentment in this state you'll gain,
 Far greater than your thoughts can now contain ;
 Those that are happy, in the least degree,
 Think not it is too small, for then they see
 The attractive point to which their works did bend ;
 Receive their consequence, nor more intend,
 Till in the scale of being, if they're wise,
 By true obedience, and improvement rise ;

Wait

Wait then till God, by secondary means,
Shall call you hence, to tread æthereal plains,

FRIEND.

O! can I easy damp that social flame,
That dwells on friend, or dear relation's name;
So have I seen a gay and lovely flower,
Bedeck some noble lady's verdant bower;
In whose fair leaves I view'd, with great surprize,
Sweet blooming nature's bright production rise, }
And fill with odours the perfumed skies;
While zephyrs waft its sweet effluvia round,
Till all the bower is with fragrance crown'd,
Till some rude hand, pluck'd from its native stalk,
This beauteous rose neglected decks the walk;
It faints, it dies, but yet its scent remains,
And charms with pleasure the approaching swains;
So you, dear youth, nipt in thy blooming prime,
By death's cold hand, so well improved thy time,
Thy name, even baneful malice can't prevent,
To yield the roses odorif'rous scent;
But busy thought the dear remembrance paints
Of our past joy, till resolution faints;
'This hour contented, not another so,
Now mourn my loss, and fancy all is woe;
Imagination, busy little creature,
Paints our past time, and fixes on thy feature,
Till tender memory thy dear image takes,
Courts my small soul, and deep impresson makes;
Retentive faculty forms the true mold,
Where my past bliss in miniature is told;
How in a bower often did we spend,
Our joyful time until the day did end;

G

Led

Led by deep thought, or fancy's mighty queen,
 Till lost in her we travel'd worlds unseen;
 Weigh by their estimates the worlds we know,
 And value earth just as it serves to show
 Its Maker's Glory in fair nature's face,
 Whose beaut'ous features oft with joy you'd trace;
 How can you then forbid my eyes to weep,
 Since thou, my dear companion, art fall'n asleep?
 My tears are selfish, and I weep 'tis true,
 Mourn my own loss, I weep not, friend, for you;
 Self-love's the principle of human kind,
 'Tis nature's greatest tie, to which she'll bind
 The great magnetic virtue that will guide
 To our sole good, if we extinguish pride,
 Nor suffer stubborn passions to controul,
 The laws of this bright magnet in the soul;
 But since my griefs are selfish, and my views
 Are so contracted, pardon, friend, my muse.

ENDYMION.

I pardon all, as once on earth I were,
 I know your joy goes hand in hand with care;
 Self-love our head-strong passions will refine,
 Implanted in our hearts by skill divine;
 It is the rule by which we act 'tis true,
 But even this is social in its view;
 He that to virtue steers his little soul,
 Contributes bliss to the all-beaut'ous whole.
 In the vast fabrick of unnumber'd globes,
 Each rise of beings puts on joyful robes;
 So he that will to vice be still inclin'd,
 Wrongs not alone his own deceived mind,

But

But breaks, as far as in his power lies,
 All harmony, far as his acts can rise ;
 Disturbs as far, till his vile heart must bound,
 The peace of the fair universe around ;
 He breaks all order, and doth nothing love,
 That imitates the Great Almighty Jove,
 Who loves all harmony, acts by those laws,
 Eternal 'in themselves, deserves applause ;
 With rectitude, and never-fading truth,
 Attendants round his throne their lustre shew'th ;
 With sweet benevolence, and mercy fair,
 Sisters, and heaven's great fav'rites are.

FRIEND.

One favour more, altho' with fear I crave,
 Let me, bright angel, that petition have ;
 Or am I thus by you to be deny'd,
 In whom my heart so strongly did confide,
 Till God saw meet thy spotless soul should fly
 With joy elate, and reach her native sky ;
 Yet now look down, with pity condescend,
 To be our guardian angel, and our friend ;
 Be thine the post to guard my erring mind,
 From unseen dangers, while on earth confin'd.

ENDYMION.

What ! still so sordid : such contracted views
 Cloud still thy heart, and captivate thy muse ;
 Just as the wise eternal mind sees fit
 We take our stations, and with joy submit ;
 No lawless passions are our rulers made,
 For God is just, and fit to be obey'd.

But be it thus that I was station'd so,
 To be your guardian while you dwell below ;
 'Tis vain to think that I wou'd more secure,
 Because that once the name of friend I bore ;
 My brother angels will as safe defend,
 For we are partial to no mortal friend ;
 Those that are virtuous, them we greatly love,
 Those that are vicious, can't our favour move ;
 We fill some links of being's mighty chain,
 And man, if virtuous, other some maintain ;
 For ev'ry living individual Soul,
 Makes up, or breaks the order of the whole.

FRIEND.

Say then, dear charmer, tell my pensive heart,
 When we shall meet again, no more to part ;
 Tho' you, sagacious, say I shall be plac'd,
 Within a state that's with less brightness grac'd
 Than thine, yet rising thought doth busy move
 To ask, if thou hast liberty to rove,
 And often visit in my little spot,
 Tell me, fair youth, if this be so or not.

ENDYMION.

You judge aright, and so your joyful mind
 May rove, only its limits more confin'd,
 Yet still to friendship you would something bind ; }
 As if more glad to see my well known face,
 Than all the host that fills this sacred place ;
 Ten thousand angels that you never saw,
 Will fill thy pleasure with as sweet an awe ;

But

But mortals are but mortals, I will deign
To humour you, for mortal you remain.

Then know, if not before, when the bright Sun
Veils his gay face, and Luna's race is done,
Then shall we meet in lasting joy to dwell,
Greater than thought conceives, or tongue can tell ;
Or when the trumpet sounds—" Ye Dead arise !"
And awful grandeur lightens through the skies ;
Tremend'ous thunder shakes the rolling earth,
And nature sickens even at the birth ;
When subterraneous fire into ruin hurls,
Your system earth, and her fair sister, world ;
And deep convulsions spoil her beauteous face,
Till her bright fabrick shines in chrystal glass ;
Clear and transparent her refined form,
Shall her known place with splendid light adorn ;
Amidst the wreck of worlds we stand secure,
Serene our breasts, our peace celestial pure ;
Then we shall rise, to beings next degree,
And join some bodies that recipient be ;
Whose particles are each refined from dross,
And clear'd from sordid matter's pond'rous gross ;
Then take the station that's for each most meet,
With bliss and splendor bowing at our feet.

FRIEND.

But still one bounty more I have to claim,
Let some propitious star receive thy name,
And write upon its beams thy deathless fame ; }
Recording to the latest age thy skill,
Thy artful mind, scientific will.

ENDY-

ENDYMION.

'Tis not from empty names my pleasures flow,
 My joy is still great wisdom's path to know ;
 Those sparkling orbs, in which you take delight,
 Are view'd obscurely by your utmost fight ;
 I leave your hemisphere, the nether skies,
 Where sulph'rous vapours exhalations rise.

FRIEND.

Still soft emotions rising in my breast,
 In silent whispers will desire address,
 And tell her what she seeks is for the best ;
 She coincides, nor will that ever fail,
 Her sister then corroborates the tale.
 In words like these her acclamations spring,
 And quite dethrone my little empire's king :
 Thus she begins, and thus the restless maid——
 Might you, dear youth, but in our world have
 stray'd,
 The partner of my joy, and of my care,
 For thou, dear friend, did'st all my passions share ;
 Now left alone, amidst the noisy strife,
 To meet the tide, and bear fatigue of life.

ENDYMION.

How can you wish me in your bounds to dwell,
 Where the frail body seldom health can tell ;
 Tho' its machine is fair, and curious wrought,
 The fabrick's oft disorder'd by a thought ;

One

One nerve relax'd the soul's perceptions are
 Uneasy, restless, full of anxious care ;
 Down from her little throne she'll oft survey,
 What news her faithful messengers convey ;
 From whence in her metropolis the brain,
 She paints the strong idea of joy or pain.
 Can you desire me in your state to live,
 Which never joy that's permanent can give ;
 This hour perhaps you fancy'd pleasure feel,
 The next you're sunk beneath imagin'd ill ;
 Unstable mortals, as swift fancy roves,
 Your fickle minds like Ignis Fatuus moves.

FRIEND.

Tho' small my views, my thoughts, ignoble, vain,
 Still one request doth busy yet remain ;
 Dictate to me, and let your goodness shine,
 Point thy fair rules, illuminate my mind ;
 And teach my soul while here recluse I live,
 Fair virtue's laws, and what those rules will give.

ENDYMION.

Like draws its like, and while on earth you stay,
 The center draws, and all your motions sway :
 So, in the moral world, this rule remains,
 And the great centric gravity contains.
 Wrong actions strongly gravitates to ill,
 And right to good, yet all confin'd to will ;
 Which of these attractive powers we'll fly,
 Or which we'll chuse to love, or which deny ;
 Engaging virtue, with delightful charms,
 Courts wisdom's vot'ries to her gracious arms ;
She's

She's wisdom's offspring, in whose lovely face,
 You may her mother's noble features trace ;
 Then call her charming sisters to thy aid,
 'Tis they that give admittance to the maid.
 Reason, her next sister, by lineage wise,
 With sweet majestic air, and piercing eyes,
 She is thy guardian, and she'll point the way,
 Where virtue roves, or where she'll chuse to stay ;
 Nay, more than this, she'll joyful wave her hand,
 And shew the smiling goddess you demand ;
 But then you must to her grand rule attend,
 Nor with her precepts idle chimeras blend.——
 But see yon gay resplendent twinkling star,
 Shoots his glad beams, and glitters from afar ;
 I too that lucid mansion must repair,
 I have a message to deliver there.——
 Again :——behold Aurora's near approach,
 Your sun will quickly mount his gilded coach ;
 Then motley vanity, your day-light queen,
 With awkward handmaid's noise and hurry's seen ;
 Learn of that meteor gliding thro' the sky,
 How she shall vanish, and her foible die.
 We, spirits, love not revelling delight,
 But in the calm, the restful hour of night,
 We chuse to appear, and with low man discourse,
 Here reason reigns, and gives our precepts force ;
 To those ethereal realms I must away :——
 Adieu, my friend, I can no longer stay.

On

On the MORAL PHILOSOPHER.

YE faithful Nine inspire my languid song,
 Assist my quill to paint the learned throng,
 While I this scientific task essay,
 Attend my steps while I this art survey;
 Indulgent muse thy kind assistance bring,
 Sustain me on thy strong extended wing;
 Conduct me to the philosophic ground,
 Where dwells the man with skill and pleasure
 crown'd;
 Now swiftly fly and reach the shining train,
 Where steady reason boasts her glory'd reign;
 With much more sweet thy lab'ring steps would
 guide
 To virtue's height with wisdom well supply'd;
 He paints the path fair moral virtues stray,
 Pleas'd with his task he joyful points her way,
 And bids our fickle minds her call obey. }
 His ready pencil well instructed draws,
 The path to graceful reason's noble laws;
 Shewing how great the skill and harmony
 Are in her rules, and how just they be;
 He shews how actions to their center bend,
 How right to bliss, and wrong to mis'ry tend;
 He paints each smiling virtue with her joys,
 How uncurb'd passions her bright throne annoys;
 Pleas'd with attention then he'll contemplate,
 The nature of the soul, with heart elate;
 Whither it takes its delegated stand,
 On the small seat of the pineal gland;

H

Its

Its quick sensations from the nerves receive,
 Thus we exult in health, at sickness grieve;
 Whither its substance will mater'al prove,
 Or immater'al part of mighty Jove;
 His quill from thence a picture will compose,
 And the vast empire of self-love disclose;
 How reason fair with arguments restrain,
 When the strong passions of her rules complain;
 Thrice happy man, whose very thoughts controul,
 Each rising passion that disturbs his soul;
 He aims not to be great by vulgar praise,
 No—'tis by wisdom that he hopes to raise;
 His bliss must reach beyond fame's narrow span,
 'Tis virtue makes the truly noble man;
 While moral good his tuneful voice doth sing,
 He reigns secure, and of his mind is king;
 Serene he curbs his ev'ry anxious thought,
 By mean ambition, or by envy brought;
 And if an humble cottage be his lot,
 Happy he lives, tho' by the world forgot;
 He soars aloft, and leaves the busy croud,
 The basely vain, and ignorantly proud;
 From whence he views with pity and disdain,
 The empty joys that little souls contain.
 How happy I, if fortune had design'd,
 To grant this science to my rural mind.—
 Lovely study—What quill can ever shew,
 One half the praise that to thy name is due.
 Oh! cou'd my pen in lofty numbers trace,
 The beaming glories of thy lovely face,
 I'd strongly in thy worthy praise engage,
 And paint thy beauty in the perfect page;
 I'd lasting trophies to thine honour raise,
 To thy fair self I'd dedicate my lays.

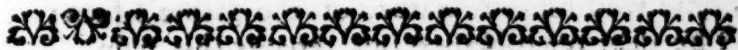
On hearing a SERMON.

I.

Christian shepherd suffer me,
 Tho' rude my voice may seem,
 But once to drop a word on thee,
 Thou ever pleasing theme.

II.

Like as the bee from ev'ry flower,
 The sweetest moisture sips;
 We catch the accents as they fall;
 From thy diviner lips.



*To a LADY on the Death of her HUSBAND,
 who died Sept. 2, 1766, and left her with
 five small children.*

TO you, dear Madam, now my muse would
 write,
 Excuse, dear lady, what I now indite;
 O what heart-speaking language can express
 Thy widow'd woe; thy grief, thy keen distress,
H 2
When

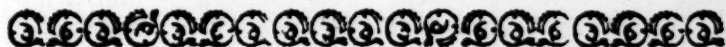
When from his face the vital colour fled,
 And o'er his cheeks the mortal paleness spread ;
 When languishing away his dying sight,
 Snatch'd one kind glance, then clos'd in endless
 night.

Ah ! what soul-piercing pangs thy bosom bare,
 When thus the man lov'd was from thee tore ;
 While weeping friends sustain'd the mournful bier,
 You sunk in sorrow, pour'd the tender tear ;
 When the cold corpse was laid within the grave,
 How for one wishful look thy soul did crave ;
 How, 'till inclos'd in its parent clay,
 Thy eyes were fix'd, as tho' with him they'd stay ;
 And now from thee for ever he's remov'd,
 Yet dear's the mem'ry of the man you lov'd.
 Methinks your offspring round, your darling care,
 In sympathetic woe your sorrows share ;
 Sigh to your sighs, and eccho groan to groan,
 While in their grief you seem to lose your own.
 If in each child you fondly strive to trace,
 Some well known feature of the father's face ;
 The dear resemblance but renews the pain
 Which made you weep—and makes you weep
 again.

Still disappointed where you sought relief,
 And never knowing any end to grief.
 Your sorrow's great, your loss words can't express,
 But still hope paints the path to happiness :——
 Then hope to meet the partner of your choice,
 In endless pleasure, and eternal joys.
 May that great mind whose boundless blessing
 flows,

Whose tender mercy nò reluctance knows,
 Support

Support your mind beneath this weight of care,
 Comfort your soul this mournful scene to bear.
 May your revolving years with bliss be crown'd,
 And all that's truly joy be in you found.
 Excuse, dear Lady, what I rudely say,
 If from the rules of sense I widely stray ;
 And grant your pardon to these rural lines,
 Forgive the bard wherein no learning shines.——
 I boast no genius, nor my artless quill
 Has no ambitious claims to lofty skill.



*On reading a poetical pamphlet, intituled, an
 Appeal to the COMMON SENSE of all
 CHRISTIAN PEOPLE.*

O Noble soul, whoe'er thou art,
 That penn'd this grateful page,
 You've acted well a generous part,
 And taught our seeking age.

Thy sense is just, thy doctrine fit,
 There's music in each line ;
 Black prejudice you'll ne'er admit,
 Among the tuneful Nine.

Throughout appears a master's skill,
 Kind gratitude's your due,
 'Cause your superior active quill,
 Celestial truth doth shew.

Pardon,

Pardon, good Sir, that I engage,
In humble verse to praise;
Or dare in this my rural page,
My honest thanks to raise.

F I N I S.

23 JY 68

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